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T. R. WALTON, Jr., Business Manager.

THE BUSINESS:

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PROFESSIONAL:

DR. JAMES G. CARPENTER,
CRAB ORCHARD, KY.Office at Saunders Hotel, Lancaster Street.
150-151P. W. LOGAN, M. D.
HAD REMOVED
from the office, so long occupied by him, on
Lancaster St., to his
NEW OFFICE ON MAIN STREET,
opposite Female College, Stanford, Ky. 201-202H. T. HARRIS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
STANFORD, LINCOLN CO., KY.ROBERT BLAIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
STANFORD, KY.PRACTICES in all the courts of the 8th Judicial
District. 201-202M. C. BAILEY. E. C. WARREN,
SAUFLEY & WARREN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
STANFORD, KENTUCKY.With practice in the Courts of Common Pleas, in the
judicial counties, and in the Court of Appeals. On
Dec. 21, 1870, Lancaster street Front, Owsley Building.
150-151H. C. KAUFFMAN,
NOTARY PUBLIC
AND
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LANCASTER, KY.LEE F. HUFFMAN,
SURGEON DENTIST!
One door below the P. O.
STANFORD, KY.Having received his Mechanical Apparatus, is
now prepared to do work in every branch of work.
ARTIFICIAL TEETH
Invented in the most approved style. 150-151A. F. MERRIMAN,
DENTAL SURGEON!
STANFORD, KENTUCKY.Office South Side of Main Corner of Depot Street
Will remain personally located at his office (until further notice) on Main Street, in Stanfurd, Ky. I will
fully ask a liberal share of patronage, and will endeavor
to give satisfaction both as to quality of work
and prices.H. C. KAUFFMAN,
NOTARY PUBLIC
AND
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LANCASTER, KY.Some weeks since we took occasion
to warn the public generally of the
danger of small pox visiting Central
Kentucky. Some people may have
heeded the warning, but others thought
the editor unduly alarmed. Well,
time will show who was right. Vac-
cination is the serious duty of all
persons, and the law should be en-
forced.SPAIN has replied to the circular of
the government in reference to Cuban
affairs, in a rather bellicose tone. She
declares that the commerce between
that Island and our country has not
been interrupted by the war, and that
our shores are a refuge for Cuban In-
surgeons who plot measures to subvert
their government. There is a speck
of war in this matter. Hurry up the
Navy.One of the most sensible "bonds of
friendship" we ever read gave the Ex-
ecutor of an estate, instructions to pay
to a certain "friend" the sum of \$75,000.
After the death of the donor
the donee presented the "bond" for
payment. The heirs resisted the matter,
and then the case went through three
legal tribunals and ended by a
decree ordering the money to be paid over
to the man for whom it was intended.
"What is friendship but a name?" In the foregoing instance it
was a good deal more.THE Post Office Department has is-
sued an order that all letters that are
not stamped in the right place—the
upper right hand corner—shall be sent
to the Dead letter office.A BILL has been introduced in the
Senate, to form the Territory of Pen-
sacola out of the Northern part of Da-
kota and Montana. Another road for
Radical office seekers, wanted.QUEEN VICTORIA is looking for a
future companion for her only remain-
ing daughter, Beatrice. She has
gone to Germany for the purpose, and
Beatrice will no doubt soon be "fixed"
in life.Six suits of divorce were granted in
the Chancery Court at Louisville, in
one day, recently. We fear that city
will soon have earned the unenviable
reputation of Chicago, if this thing
continues.IT is the fashion for a defaulting of-
ficer in California, to shuffle off his
mortal coil by his own hand about the
time his crime is found out. H. C.
Kibber, mining Secretary, a defaulter to
the amount of \$110,000, was the
last to shoot himself through the
head.MOODY & SANKEY are still in Phil-
adelphia, but the sensation they cre-
ated at first, is fast dying away. It is
understood that they are still for
New York on the 30th, and the inter-
est manifested is sufficient, they
will tread the boards for two or three
months.THE Cincinnati papers are about
equally divided for and against the
further appropriation of \$6,000,000 to
complete the Southern Railroad. The
general opinion of the people is that
it would be folly to suspend operations
now, after an expenditure of \$10,000,-
000—and the probability is, that the
six millions will be forthcoming.A LADY at Bradford, N. H., has
had a narrow escape from being
buried alive. She had been sick for
some time, and had apparently died.
Preparations for the funeral were
made on the third day after the sup-
posed death, when it was observed, as
she was placed in the coffin, that one
of the eyes was partly open. Nothing
was, however, thought of this, as it was
thought to be muscular contraction af-
ter death. But when all the arrange-
ments for the funeral were complete,
she astonished the attendants by a sud-
den request to be placed on one side.
A complete recovery is expected.

EDUCATIONAL:

STANFORD FEMALE COLLEGE,
STANFORD, KY.

Agents for Frankfort Cotton Mills.

No. 231 Main St., bet. Sixth & Seventh,
Opposite Louisville Hotel.

John L. Wheat, Jas. J. Cheney, 150-151 LOUISVILLE, KY.

READ THIS.

E. A. TERHUNE,
CABINET MAKER
AND
UNDERTAKER,Would respectfully inform the citizens of Stan-
ford and vicinity, that he has opened a shop in his line
and is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line
and vicinity. He keeps constantly on hand a fine assortment
of Cases and Caskets. Plain, cheap Coffins made to
order on short notice.A NEAT HEARSE,
and is prepared to attend Funerals at all hours.
Shop on Depot Street, above Commercial Hotel.
150-151THE SIXTH SESSION
OF THE
INSTITUTIONWILL OPEN ON THE
Second Monday in September Next,
with a full corps of efficient teachers.Besides the usual English Branches, Ancient
and Modern Languages.

MUSIC.

DRAWING.
AND PAINTING

are taught with success.

For full particulars, address

Mrs. A. C. Trueheart.

150-151

FOR SALE.

A NEAT RESIDENCE.

I have for sale a most superb cottage, with all
the necessary out-buildings of a convenient and
comfortable home attached; all occupying

FOUR ACRES OF LAND.

situated near the toll-gate on the Danville pike, 3/4
of a mile from Stanford. For price and partic-
ulars call me, in Stanford.

Dec. 15, 1873. 150-151 Dr. J. M. BLACKBERRY.

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

VOLUME IV.—NUMBER 47.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, JANUARY 28, 1876.

WHOLE NUMBER 203.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square, one insertion. \$1.00
A liberal deduction for each subsequent insertion.
Regular advertisements will find our rates to be as
moderate as those of other respectable paper.
"Local Notices," 15 cents per line. Advertising
items in Local Columns, 20 cents per line.
Advertisement of Births, Deaths, Marriages, Birthdays and Deaths,
Inserted free of cost.Obituaries, Tributes of life past, &c., will receive
free of charge, but will be charged 15 cents per line,
instead of 10 cents, as heretofore.OUR JOB OFFICE IS COMPLETE
in every particular, and our Job Printer is re-
markably well equipped in the State.
Prices to suit the times.

An Outsize Passenger.

It was in the old days of stage coaches,
and one of those huge, lumbering
vehicles was ploughing its way be-
tween Boston and Salem in a driving
rain storm, filled inside and outside
with a jolly jam of passengers.Among the number of the more un-
fortunate in-liners was a respectable,
bulb-headed old gentleman, who seemed
to be very solicitous about a lady
riding on the roof.Every few minutes he popped out
his head, regardless of the rain, and
shouted out to some one above:"Well, how is she now?"
And the answer came, "All right."
"Is she getting wet?" inquired the
old man."No, not much," was the reply.
"Well, can't you put something
round her?" It will never do to have
her get wet, you know.""We've got everything 'round her
we can get.""Haven't you got an old coat or
rug?"

"No, not a rug more."

"A sympathetic young man hearing
all this, and feeling alarmed for the
poor old lady out in the storm, inquired
of the old gentleman why they didn't
have her ride on the inside and
not on the roof."Bless you, there ain't room!" ex-
claimed the old man."Not room?" Why, I'll give her
my place—it's too bad!""Not at all, sir, not at all. We
couldn't get her into the stage anyway.""Amazed at her prodigious dimen-
sions, the kind young man said: "Well
sir, if my coat would be of any ser-
vice, she may have it," and, suiting
the action to the word, he took off
that garment and handed it to the old
gentleman."It's almost a pity to get your over-
coat wet, but—""Not at all, sir—by no means—
pass it up to her."

The coat was accordingly passed up.

How'll that do for her?" asked the
old gentleman."Tip-top! Just the Ticket! All
right now."Thus relieved, no further anxiety
was manifested about the outside pass-
enger till the stage arrived at the inn,
when was the sympathetic and gallant
young man's surprise and indignation
to find that his nice coat had been
wrapped around—not a fair lady of
unusual proportions, but—a double-
bass viol!

Shattered Lives.

Many of the misfortunes of woman's
lives owe their origin to vacant or dis-
satisfied minds. Few women attach
sufficient importance to the care of
the mental faculties. Their sphere of
life being more limited than that of
men, they have not so wide a choice of
occupation or amusement. This often
causes women who are naturally capable
of considerable mental exertion, to use
their powers in an inordinate and
unnatural degree, until they become
masculine in manner, or eccentric.
Often they fall into the opposite extreme.
Not being possessed of sufficient force of character to take
up any really intellectual pursuit,
and being easily influenced by any un-
usual excitement, they rest hopes of
happiness on such slight foundations
that when these fail them they have
no power to rally. The vacant mind
broods over trifles for sheer want of
occupation; inaction produces a feeling
of fatigue which induces a desire for
solitude; solitude soon gives rise to
melancholy, and a general weariness
of existence make the sufferer only
too glad to embrace any chance of
relief. Hence arise ill-assorted mar-
riages, melancholy religious mania
and conventional life. To prevent
the mental faculties from sinking in
lethargy, nothing is more effectual
than the change of occupation or
scene. It should be the practice of
every one to cultivate at least one
form of mental occupation other than
that which forms the chief object of
life; for a wide range of knowledge is
of inestimable value, and may prove
to be not only a means or recreation
and pleasure in profitable times, but a
source of profit and comfort when
accident or misfortune renders it impos-
sible for the ordinary pursuit to be fol-
lowed.Boys, what do you call your Father?
"The old man won't let me go."
"Pshaw! my gov'r'll let me go."
"Well, I haven't said anything to my
pop about it." Such talk among boys
is very common. When boys get to
be of a certain age—from 12 to 16—they
seem to think it manly, in speak-
ing of their fathers to other boys, to
the mechanical department of the
Reporter. His partner, Mr. W. C.
Owens, assuming entire editorial con-
trol. We will bank high on his mak-
ing it lively.Your county paper cannot be as
able and new as one published in a
commercial center, but it ought to
be just as valuable. The wheels of
business are much shyer, and are in
their places wholly indispensable to its
movement, but not more so than the
hidden coupling pins that keep the
wagon together. Their duties are en-
tirely different and yet one is not more
important to the wagon than the other.
So with the papers. Your great
journal treats of subjects entirely far-
eign to that of your home affairs, and
the dearest of names. This nicknaming
is not by any means confined to rude
and rough boys, but unfortunately
prevails among those who have been
well brought up, properly educated,
and have pleasant homes. It would
be sad indeed, if these names were
used to express disrespect or contempt,
but they are heard, and more's the
truth, from the lips of those boys who
really love their fathers, and would
be of service to them. To the
mechanical department of the
Reporter. His partner, Mr. W. C.
Owens, assuming entire editorial con-
trol. We will bank high on his mak-
ing it lively.The building of the new jail in Pa-
lacki County was let out by the County
Court on Monday last for \$9,000 to H.
G. Trimble. They also allowed \$880
to the architect until the completion of
the building. This will make the jail,
completed, cost about \$11,000. To meet
this amount it was decided to issue bonds bearing 10 per cent interest,
payable in 20 years. An ad-
ditional tax was also levied at 15cts on the
\$100 worth of property for the year
1876, for the payment of the jail bond
principal and interest. So we learn
from the Somersett Reporter, and from
which we also learn that Mr. Jos. B.
Rucker will retire from the editorial to
the mechanical department of the
Reporter. His partner, Mr. W. C.
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be of service to them. To the
mechanical department of the
Reporter. His partner, Mr. W. C.
Owens, assuming entire editorial con-
trol. We will bank high on his mak-
ing it lively.Perhaps there is no more painful
time in a woman's life than the time of
transition when the audacious lover
is passing through the matter of fact
husband, and the wiser is gradually chang-
ing into master. Women who are
so much more sensitive than men, more
sentimental too, and less content to
trust in silence to an unadmonitory
affection are for the most part only
happy when they are being adored.
They want to be told so twenty times a day,
and to have the harmonies of life en-
riched by a crowd of "occasional notes"
embroidering the solid substance by
which men live. Men, on the other
hand, are tired of making love. When
they have wooed and won, they are
content to be quiet and to take all the
rest for granted. They are not cold,
however, because they are secure; and
to most, and to those the best practical
kindness is better than flattery, security
ranks before excitement and hysteria,
and life passes in serene
friendship, fearing no evil, knowing
no break, and needing praising, is bet-
ter than life passed in perpetual tur-
moil of passion, where there are scenes
and tears, doubt and broken heart; if
there are not endless courtship and fa-
tiguing demonstrations.How to CHOOSE A WIFE.—That
young lady will make a good wife who
does not apologize when you find her
at work in the kitchen, but continues
at her task until it is finished.When you hear a lady say, "I shall
attend church and wear my old bon-
net and waterproof cloak, for I fear
we shall have a rain-storm," depend
upon it she will make a good wife.When a daughter remarks, "Mother
I would not hire help, for I can as-
sist you to do all the work in the
kitchen," set it down that she will
make somebody a good wife.When you hear a young lady saying
to her father, "Don't purchase a very
expensive or showy dress for me, but
what will wear best," you may be cer-
tain she will make a good wife.

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, January 25, 1876.

REMOVING THE CAPITAL. -- When ever a member of the Legislature of Kentucky sees that he can raise a noise in no other way, he is sure to begin agitating the capital removal question. They have sprung the question again, and it is now thought that it will be put to a vote of the people, or, if so, that, make it an issue in the race for representatives for the next session of the General Assembly. We put our foot down on this old issue, and, even for all, say we are opposed to a removal on various grounds, chief among them being the great cost attending such a step. Our sister State of West Virginia, has been in a state of excitement over the removal of its capital, and the sad experience admonishes us to "go slow" on the question. Furthermore, Frankfort is a central point, readily accessible from all portions of the State, by rail, river and turnpikes; it has ample hotel and private accommodations. It is a beautiful city, and the people first class. Therefore, let the capital stay where it is.

A STRANGER passing through Lexington, the capital of one of the finest blue-grass counties in Kentucky, would be amazed to find, that, in the centre of a square, there is an old, rickety Court House, worth less than \$5,000. Fayette county is able, and has ever been, to build a decent building as a temple of Justice, and why she has not done so, is a marvel to all men. True, it is, that Henry Clay, and Breckinridge, and others of not much less ability, have made the old building's walls resound to the thrilling eloquence of their voices, but even those men, if they could speak from their honored graves, would say--tear the old shell down and build a house which will be worthy of the fame and glory of your county. Some of our most humble counties have built Court Houses worth five or six times as much as the one at Lexington, and their people gladly pay the tax to do so.

The unfortunate "domestic" difficulty which occurred between Genl G. W. Smith, late chief of the Insurance Bureau, and Hon. D. Howard Smith, Auditor of State, and which led the latter to refuse to re-appoint the former; has resulted in the bringing in of a bill by the Legislature to take the appointing power out of the Auditor's hands and placing it where it properly should belong, in the gift of the Governor. We would go still further, and add to the bill--"by and with the consent of the Senate." Yes, that would be right, to let the Governor nominate, and the Senate confirm the same. This would render it impossible for a "family run us" to cause the loss of peerless chief of that very important position, the Insurance Bureau.

THE most remarkable case of teaching a human being who was void of all the senses except one, anything at all, was that of Miss Laura Bridgeman, who, from scarlet fever in her early childhood, was deprived of sight, hearing and the sense of smell, and almost the sense of taste, thus leaving in full only the remaining sense of feeling. Dr. Howe, a kind-hearted and scientific man, undertook to teach her. After long and arduous labor he taught her to read and write, and saw, to such an extent that she became, from almost a statue in marble, a sensible and cultivated woman. She is now 46 years old, good-looking, and seemingly happy. If this poor unfortunate girl could be taught, who of us can complain that we have no means of informing ourselves.

HALF of the time allotted by the Constitution to the State Assembly in this session, has elapsed, and if any one can point out a single Act passed by that body which is of any earthly good to the State, we would thank him for the information. They frittered away over two weeks in trying to elect a U. S. Senator, which could have been done in two days, just as well, and they have brought in numerous "leaves" to introduce many useless bills of a purely local nature, and this is absolutely all the benefits (?) the State has received, and for which they have to pay about \$30,000. Don't talk about retrenchment and reform as long as such things last.

THE obscure member in the Kentucky Legislature from Pike county, being unable to get his name in the papers in any other way, concluded, just before the nomination of Hon. J. B. Beck, by the Democratic caucus, to change that money had been used to secure the nomination. His side talk fell as flat as a founder, and instead of gaining an enviable notoriety, he succeeded most admirably in exposing his amateur qualities.

WITH singular unanimity the press of the South, and many papers of the West, have most heartily endorsed the election of Mr. Beck to the United States Senate. The people of the south especially remember his able and successful efforts in their behalf, and in the mean time when no other voice was raised in their defense.

We were glad to see that Col. Griggs, the able member of the Legislature from Boyle county, has introduced a bill to have a Common Pleas or Criminal Court established in this Judicial Circuit. The lawyers tell us that such a court is demanded by all the best interests of the people, and we hope that instead of wasting their precious time in considering the passage of useless local laws, the Legislature will at once turn its attention to the framing of such general laws as will place our judicial system on a better footing than heretofore. Lawyers, litigants, witnesses, and others concerned, will thank them for such legislation.

AN IMPORTANT OPINION. -- The United States Supreme Court, in the case of *Welles vs. the State of Missouri*, has just decided that the State cannot compel a pedler to pay license for selling articles produced in other States, on the ground that it is a tax upon the goods themselves, a discrimination against the products of other States, and is in conflict with that clause of the Federal Constitution which declares that Congress shall have power to regulate commerce with foreign nations and among the several States.

THEY now make horse collars out of heavy cotton duck, instead of leather, that is, they stuff that kind of cloth with straw, which enables those who have to buy, to get them at a much lower rate than they paid for those covered with leather. Anything which will cheapen the articles necessary for the farmer or mechanic, will aid in adding to the general wealth of the country at large. These collars are said to last nearly, or quite as long as the old kind, and are as soft upon the animal's shoulders.

JUDGE DURHAM has placed us under obligations time and again. We have just received from him the fine speech of Hon. N. P. Banks, on the Amnesty Bill.

HON. B. H. HILL, of Georgia, will keep coal of fire on Radical heads, when he makes his great speech in favor of voting money for the Centennial.

MANY petitions have been sent to Congress from Ohio, Pennsylvania, and other states, asking aid in favor of the Texas Pacific railroad.

Mrs. BUSH, of Franklin county, was elected State Librarian by the Legislature, last Tuesday. She had four men for the work, and that four men got out \$137 worth in one day. There are great many miners there already, and the coming Spring will find thousands more flocking thither from all points of the civilized world, in search of the precious ore.

A SPECIAL dispatch to the *Courier Journal*, from Lexington, says that Mr. D. M. Craig, of that city, had chloroform administered to him by his physicians for the purpose of performing a severe operation, under the influence of which, he died.

JEFF. DAVIDS daughter dared to get married a few days since. Will Senator Blaine move a reconsideration of ceremony?

THE PAY of members of Congress will be cut down from \$5,000 per annum, to \$4,500.

OUR STATE SOLONS have made the first day of January in each year, a legal holiday.

OUR EGG TABLE.

BRAINARD'S MUSICAL WORLD. -- This valuable musical monthly is again on our table. As usual, it contains forty pages of new music, besides many pages of choice musical literature. To those interested in music, this book will be found of the greatest value, and the low price at which it is sent (\$1.50 per year), puts it in the reach of every one. Besides, to every subscriber is sent a book of 216 pages, entitled "Musical Hint." Send 15 cents, and get specimen copy--to S. Brainard & Son, Cleveland, O.

WE have received the last number of the Albany (N. J.) Law Journal, an able monthly, devoted to the interests of the legal profession. It has a large and well-deserved circulation, and should be on the table of every lawyer in the Union who desires to keep himself posted on the decisions of the various State and Federal courts.

WE thank the author, J. B. Chapman, of Lebanon, Ky., for a copy of his work, known as the Grape Grower's Guide. It tells all about grapes and their culture, in a simple, practical way. Send him 50 cents, and get a copy.

BOYLE COUNTY NEWS.

WE have just received the mournful intelligence of the death of our former citizen, Hayden R. Young, in Richmond, Ky., after a very brief illness. His daughters, Mrs. W. E. Grubbs, and Mrs. John Moore, were notified of his illness this P. M., very soon followed by the sad tidings of his death, which occurred about 11 A. M. No man stood higher in the estimation of his acquaintances, than H. R. Young. A fond parent, a Christian gentleman, whose daily walk and conversation endeared him to all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, which was very extensive, all of whom deeply sympathized with his family, in this sore affliction. In our town where he was so well known, it has cast a gloom which can only be dispelled by time, but the worth of this good man, we give up to some one more able than we, to speak of his noble character.

THERE is said to be a strong feeling in Congress to repeal the specie resumption act. We sincerely hope that it will be repealed, and this hope seems to be very general among all parties. Western members of Congress have grown impatient at the delay of the Committees in reporting a repeal bill. So says the Washington correspondent of the *Courier-Journal*.

IT is a fact that the United States Supreme Court is five years behind with the business on its docket, and Senator McCrary, of Iowa, has introduced a bill in the Senate, to the end, that a reform be had at once.

IT is said that owing to the great expense attending the running of the fast mail trains from North to South, the Post Master General will have them discontinued.

THE Sheep Fever has spread into Kentucky, and much capital invested in the "snowy fleece," a good deal of attention present. Representatives from all

parts of the county. The crowd began to gather about 9 o'clock, A. M., and by 10, were ready for the transaction of business. Lodge was opened, and such matters as regularly come before it, disposed of, without 2 o'clock, P. M., at which time the question of grub began to agitated. This being a question that is generally one-sided, there was very little said about it. Necessary preparation being made, all present were invited to dine. After which D. B. Goode, County Deputy, addressed the audience relative to the workings of the Order; showing what it had done, and what it could do, if the members would only unite. Business was then resumed until about 4 o'clock, when the crowd dispersed. The Masonic Fraternity claims to be the oldest Order; Mid Fellowship is noted for its brotherly love; Good Templars for their noble design; Grangers for "good grub" and plenty of it. A sine qua non.

WE wish we could have tagged some of our Salmon recently freed in Dix River. We would straightway seek telegraphic communication with Rio Janerio, inquiring after the little wanderers, for with this addition of the food, if they haven't found salt water (and wanted it), we want no such in our waters; they are not game enough to go where they want to.

C. S. R. R. items are not forthcoming; we might go on and indulge in predictions, but I have no facts to note until six millions more money is in prospect, we have nothing to say.

SHIPMENTS of stock are very light from this point now; general freight business is good.

ONE Mr. Sick, who has been dealing in Serpentine Whisky, as alleged, is on the anxious seat, to remain until next Saturday, when his case will be concluded, on which, we are

WIDE-AWARE.

LINCOLN COUNTY NEWS.

Huntington.

OPEN weather is playing havoc with the stocks of park in many places. Serious losses will result from this single circumstance. Few persons put up a surprise; and in case of loss, a supply cannot be obtained in the country.

OUR traders to the South have not been heard from. Givena has probably reached his market in South Carolina, to-day. Dunn left here for the same point, about two days later. The reports of parties who have returned, are gloomy.

OUR Post Office was burglarized the second time, last Saturday night. The thief effected an entrance by tearing off some weatherboarding in a narrow alley. He then, as on the former occasion, forced the lock of the door which covers the letter boxes, and manipulated the contents. On his first visit, he took all the letters, indiscriminately. This time he burned matches, and thus was enabled to be more select in his appropriations. He got all the money, and all the stamps contained in the office. Wishing to vary his stock, he made a raid on the Drug Store of A. Williams & Son, which he entered from the same alley, and by similar means. Here he got a small amount of money, a lot of tobacco, and some candy. Of course our kindly Postmaster is annoyed; but there is no excitement.

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The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.,

Friday Morning, January 25, 1876.

LOCAL NOTICES.

For Corsets—go to John H. Craig's.

CHEAPEST and best groceries at S. B. Matheny's.

100 Cads Ices Virginia Twist Tobacco at S. B. Matheny's.

BODIES & STAGE earnestly desire you to settle your account.

JEST received 100 pieces Hamburg Edging at John H. Craig's.

BODIES & STAGE have a lot of the best Tobacco ever brought to Stanford.

200,000 choice cigar brands at wholesale at S. B. Matheny's.

CALF at Bohm & Stagg's for Drugs, etc., cheaper than you ever bought them for. Before buying call and see that this means what is said.

MATHENEY & MARSHALL have just received a large stock of Suiting, Pants and Overcoat Goods, and are prepared to make them up in the best of styles.

If you want a good fitting suit of clothes made in the latest style, and out of the best material, walk right up to Matheny & Marshall's Tailoring establishment, north side Main street.

LOST.—On Thursday, Jan 27th, a new iron Coat and Leggings, on the New England Thread, size 36, torn and Austin Hall's. The finder will confer a favor on the under-signed, by leaving them to the office of *Interior Journal*, G. R. WATERS.

THE PEOPLE WANT THOSE.—There is no more honest, upright, plucky, and sold by Duggists, that carries such evidence of its success and superior virtue as BESCHIE'S GERMAN SEWING for every Couche, Cloth settled on the Breast, Consumption, or any disease of the Throat and Lungs. A proof of that fact is that any person afflicted, can get a sample Bottle of the medicine for 10c, and if it does not cure buying the regular size at 75 cents. It has lately been introduced in this country from Germany, and its wonderful cures are astonishing every one that uses it. Three parts will relieve any case. Try it. Sold by Bohm & Stagg.

HOME NOTINGS.

REMEMBER that Weeren & McAlister sell the cheap Groceries.

WEAREN & MCALISTER have one hundred barrels of fresh Utica lime for sale at a low price.

The largest stock of china, queensware, glassware and lamps can be found at Weeren & McAlister.

The Winter Term of the Garrard Circuit Court, will begin at Lancaster on the 14th of next month, (February.)

Use the Remington Sewing Machine. It is highly recommended. For information, etc., see advertisement in this issue.

DR. MCKEE of Danville will preach in the Presbyterian church to-night, to-morrow and to-morrow night, and Sunday and Sunday night.

A STRANGER passed through Lancaster the other day—saw one live man—but no corpses. Thinking that one was looking for somebody, he left.

The floods of the past few days had the good effect to wash out and drain off all the filth of our streets and alleys, especially "water street," which needed a cleaning very badly.

PROFESSOR J. B. MYERS, will deliver a lecture, in the Christian Church, next Lord's day at 11 o'clock on the subject of primitive and modern Christianity. It being the fifth Lord's day in January.

LOCK YOUR FRONT DOORS.—A few nights ago, an attempt was made to enter the residence of one of our citizens, but the terrible and timely screams of one of the little inmates, caused the world-be-burglar to beat a hasty retreat.

NOTWITHSTANDING Weeren & McAlister have about one hundred and fifty thousand pounds of Bacon of their own curing—still they are buying all the good country Bacon offered them at liberal prices—payable in merchandise or cash.

STRAYED.—From F. J. Campbell, near town, on Wednesday last, a three-year old boy, filly, small, white spot in forehead, went in direction of King's Mountain. He will pay for the return of the mare, or information of her whereabouts.

AT the intersection of Main and Depot Streets, there is a muddy pool, which is almost impassable when it rains. The mud from the hill side, N. of Main Street, runs down and settles there in sufficient quantity to stall a loaded wagon.

We were mistaken in saying last week, that the Trustees of the Stanford Male and Female Seminary, would elect a Principal for the ensuing ten months. They were to have met for another purpose, as the term of the present Principal will not expire until next September.

W. S. S.

LIVERY STABLES are, in all towns, necessary to the traveling public. If a traveler goes to a town and finds no public livery, he at once thinks there is no enterprise about its citizens. We are sure that no such complaint can be made against Stanford, for Jim Ed Bruce, one of our most energetic citizens, has established one of the safest, best, and most commodious stables in the State. He will, in a short time introduce some new features.

IT is a notable fact, that at any point in Standard, on a line running the entire length of Main Street, and about fifty yards wide, an excellent well of clear limestone water can be had for the digging, at a depth varying from ten to twenty-two feet. One gentleman in the upper end of town, dug a well a few years ago, and after going down nine feet, came to a rock, in which was a crevice six inches wide, and through which, flowed a stream of cold, never-failing water.

WE, of course, dare not make a prophecy as to what the state of the weather will be a day hence, but we know that during the closing days of this month, it will be wet, warm, and very disagreeable. Flood followed flood, until the whole face of the earth, and even under the earth, were one, sloshy, mushy mass. From the 17th to the 23rd of this month, we, in this part of the world, had to wade through brooks, and over waterfalls, to reach our "respective places of abode." Prof. Tice, what is the matter?

I don't intend to cry a bit at mother's funeral, if I don't have a new dress and black veil," said a little girl here, on the death of her mother, and she kept her word until she got the desired articles, and then a flood of grief burst forth, that lasted unrestrained until the last solemn rites were performed.

BEYOND a doubt, the Louisville Hotel is the best public house in the City of Louisville. It is a centrally located, large and elegant establishment, and the traveler finds there the very best accommodations at a reasonable price. Read card this issue.

THE law says that after the Court of Claims of a county shall have made the claims of a county shall have made the going to New York to investigate the styles of Turnouts and Stables. Their Stable is of the latest style, and being still improved, and after it is finished there can be no possible chance for any further improvement. His Buggies are of the latest styles, and he has a Special Correspondent in New York to inform him of any change. He's not jesting about the matter—go and see, and you will find that all he has said to be real, and not all talk to have his name in the paper.

THE water mills have been able to grind every day during the past four or five months. There have been no days of freezing weather to lock the wheels, no lack of water, and thus have the millers been able to supply all demands upon their mills for grinding. The steam, saw, and grist mills, have been equally blessed.

JUDGE OWLESLEY was here on Wednesday last, to hear and determine a case in Equity, set specially for the 26th inst. Anything which relieves the docket of business, will be so much in favor of the regular term. If Court were to hold open here for six months, the accumulated cases might possibly be disposed of.

SAMUEL GILL, Esq., late Superintendent of the Short Line Raiload, died in Louisville, recently. He had connections in Boyle County, to whom he left a part of his estate. Mr. Gill was never married, and the bulk of his estate was left to his brothers, who get \$10,000 each. He was worth nearly \$50,000.

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THE DANGER of leaving a well or cistern uncovered in a field where there are various kinds of animals running at large, was shown to be manifest last week. The case is this: An old well had long remained without a covering, and the earth had fallen in, leaving only a small pit, apparently. A fine mare belonging to one of our Lincoln county farmers, fell into this, one night recently, and being unable to get out, got into the treacherous hole. A few rails or plank, placed over the dangerous opening would have saved the life of a valuable mare, and money to her owner.

A FEW years ago, a man erected three or four very comfortable dwelling houses in the Eastern part of Stanford. He has rented these buildings to good tenants, for a fair per cent, upon their cost. If others of our citizens who have idle capital would do the same kind of work, our town would increase in population and business. No better investment can be made than in building houses for the habitation of those who desire to cast their lot in our midst. The great trouble in all inland towns has been, the want of homes for mechanics and other laboring men. Sooner or later this fact will be made manifest.

Very Respectfully,
BEN. LETCHER.

LAND, STOCK AND CROP ITEMS.

ELEVEN head of Shorthorns were sold by an Iowa breeder, to an Illinois farmer, for \$16,000.

A. S. MYERS, Esq., purchased the comfortable dwelling house, with nine acres of land, owned by the heirs of the late Doctor George McRoberts, dec'd., for \$3,000.

THE TWIGS of the golden willow, grow readily as other trees with roots. They should be placed thick along the banks of streams, to prevent washing away the soil.

DANIEL BOONE, the celebrated race stallion, died at the stables of his owner, the other day. Mr. Guest has lost a valuable animal, and the turf circles sympathize with him.

THE wheat and rye fields are as green as ever in April. The roots have not been spewed out by winter, at all, and so far, the promise of an abundant crop was never greater.

A FARMER living in Clay county, this State, says he had a mare which gave birth this past Fall, to a mule colt without any tail, whatever, and with only one ear. The colt is still living, and is of fair size.

A GENTLEMAN told us the other day, that he had killed sixty-five rats in one day. Having occasion to tear down an old out-house, he called on a neighbor for all the dogs and cats he had to spare. These rats were freely loaned, and with sticks, rocks, dogs and cats, the number of rats above mentioned, was never greater.

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The Hour of Death.
By Mrs. H. E. HARRIS.

Leave have their time to fall,
And leaves are falling at the north wind's breath,
And stand not still.

They hast all sense for thine own, O! death!

They hast no sense,

For the glad meetings & the joyous hours,

Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer;

But all for thee, the mightiest of the earth.

The boughs have their hours;

The swish hours, of mirth, and song, and wine;

There comes a day for grie's overwhelming power,

A time for other tears—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose,

May look like things so glorious for decay,

And smile at thee—but thou art not of those.

That wait the ripened bloom to sete their prey.

Lea's have their time to fall,

And flowers is wither at the north wind's breath

An' stars to set—but all

They last all sense us for thine own, O! death!

We know when men shall waste,

When a summer bird from all shall cross the sea,

When autumn's hue shall ting the golden grain—

But who shall teach us to look for loss?

It is when Spring's first glow

Comes forth to whisper where the violet lies?

If when roses in our path grow pale?

They have all sense—all are ours to die!

Then art we friend most friend,

Beneath the shade of the Elm to rest—

Then art when for music, and trumpet sound;

The side, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,

And flowers is wither at the north wind's breath,

And stars to set—but all,

They last all sense for thine own, O! death!

The Last Pocket-Book.

The scene was in New York. It was a cheerless afternoon. A biting wind drove the snow before it like a blinding mist, and the clouds hung so low as almost to touch the roofs of the houses.

"How desolate it is," Mrs. Rawdon sighed, glancing out from her attic-window on the gloomy prospect below, as she smoothed and folded the garment she had just completed; "and the cold's bitter. I don't like to send you out, Louise, but there's not a bit of coal, and Willie must have that medicine. I'd go myself, but—"

"Oh, mother, no let me go—I don't mind if it is cold. I'll hurry back," and the little girl sprang up from her low seat beside the child's cradle and began to fasten on her faded cloak and hood.

"Well, I suppose you must," the mother continued, as she wrapped up the delicately embroidered garment. "You know the place? Mr. Rawdon's on Tenth street—that brownstone house."

"Yes, yes, mother, I know!"

"Well, dear, run fast and keep your self warm, and say to Mrs. Rawdon that I'd have finished the work before if Willie hadn't been so ill. Three dollars she owes me. You can call at the baker's and get a loaf or two."

The child took the bundle and vanished out of sight down the dreary flight of steps, while the mother turned to the cradle where the sick child lay. He held up his little hands and moaned pitifully. "Give me some tea, mamma, I'm so thirsty."

"Yes, darling, as soon as Louise comes back."

Her eyes filled with tears as she raised the little fellow to her bosom, clasping him closely to keep him warm for there was no fire in the stove and the desolate attic room was very comfortable. Yet there had been a day when this same pale-faced, weak-eyed woman sat in a luxurious chamber; with every comfort that heart could wish within her reach; and a doting husband's strong arms of love to encircle and protect her. But her husband was dead, lying, unknown, on some distant battle-field in the South; and her riches had made themselves wings and flown away. Forlorn and friendless, sick at heart, and weary from incessant toil, she sat, with her wailing child upon her lap, gazing out with hopeless, tearful eyes upon the dismal scene beneath heretic window.

In the meantime, little Louise made her way through the narrow by-streets and squallid alleys into the populous and fashionable part of New York. The biting wind still continued to blow with a dreary, saddening wail, drifting the leaden clouds and the mist-like snow. But she walked on bravely, and reached, at last Mrs. Rawdon's. A dazzling glow of light poured from all the lofty windows, and sounds of music and merry-making floated out upon the frosty air. Mrs. Rawdon was giving a grand party in honor of her eldest daughter's birth-night. Louise crept up the marble steps and pulled the bell. A footman in livery answered her timid summons.

"Can I see Mrs. Rawdon, please?" she asked.

"See Mrs. Rawdon, indeed! and she in the parlor in the very middle of the company! Of course you can!"

He was closing the door; but Louise caught at his sleeve and cried imploringly:

"Oh, please, please, wait! Here's the work she wanted; Miss Violet's frock you know. Mother promised it by to-night; do let me take it to her."

The man hesitated a moment, and then turned back.

"Miss Violet's frock," he said; she wanted it I know. I heard her scolding because it didn't come home. Maybe she'll see you. I'll try, anyhow. Come in here and wait."

Louis followed him through the arch'd hall and past the glittering parlors, into a kind of ante-room adjoining the supper apartment. Here, motioning her to a seat, he went in search of his mistress. But it was a full half-hour before Mrs. Rawdon could disengage herself from her guests, and poor little

Louise, tired out with waiting and benumbed with cold, was just on the point of bursting into tears, when the lady swept into the room.

"This is a pretty business, now, isn't it?" she began, as she received and unfolded the bundle that Louise offered her. "I thought you promised to bring this yesterday?"

"Yes, ma'am; but my brother Willie was so ill that mother couldn't sew."

"Oh, yes! that's always the way—you've some excuse ready; but I shan't trust you again, you may depend on it. Here's your violet been crying for an hour, and refusing to come down because she was so disappointed about her dress. John, ring the bell for Jane to take it up to her. I must go back to the parlor now."

Louise sprang from his arms, and shot off like an arrow down the brilliant street, through the squall alleys and narrow by-lanes; and the soldier followed her.

"Oh, ma'am! little brother's so ill, and must have his medicine; please let me have the money!"

"I can't to-night—I'm entirely out of change. You can call the day after-morrow."

But Louise was not to be repulsed. She caught the lady's hand in both of her little frozen palms. One of the rings that adorned Mrs. Rawdon's soft fingers would have procured all the comforts her mother and little Willie so sorely needed. Some such thought flashed through the child's mind as she made her appeal.

"Oh, madam!" she said, her blue eyes full of imploring entreaty, "you are rich and happy, and have all you want; but my poor mother has nothing and my little brother will die without my medicine! Do let me have the money!"

Mrs. Rawdon shook her head impatiently.

"I tell you I've no change. You must call again. John, show her to the door!"

The footman obeyed, and Louise soon found herself on the marble steps while the lofty door closed in her face with a heartless slam.

The wind howled more dismal than ever, and the keen, stinging sleet fell like a shower of shot. Louise descended the steps and crossed over to the opposite pavement with a dull, aching pain at her heart, that almost took away her breath. How could she go back to her home and tell her poor mother that she had failed to collect her hard-earned wages; tell her that they were not able to buy even so much as a solitary loaf.

Just then something beneath her foot, soft and slippery, almost threw her to the pavement. Looking down she saw a pocket book. She caught it up with a suppressed cry, and, thrusting it into her bosom, darted off at the speed of an antelope. At last, out of breath and half beside herself with excitement, she paused beneath a lamp-post, and after glancing stealthily around her, drew the treasure from her bosom. It was large, thick and heavy. Her fingers fluttered nervously as she unclasped it; and when she caught sight of the green bank-notes it contained, she uttered a wild cry of delight, and darted off again like something insane. Mother and Willie should have all they needed now!

Just beyond the baker's shop, towards which she bent her steps, a soldier met her.

"Little girl," he said, arresting her flying steps, "did you find a pocket-book as you came along?"

Louise paused a single instant, then, as a thought of her mother and Willie flashed through her mind she answered, "No, sir."

"Well, it is gone, I suppose," and the soldier passed on, while Louise hurried away in the opposite direction. By the time she reached the baker's she was in a tremor from head to foot, and her cheeks seemed on fire; but she drew the pocket-book from its hiding-place, and standing outside the door, unclasped it and took out a note. The shop was crowded with customers, and she had to wait for her turn before she could obtain what she wanted. Her eyes wandered wistfully round the tempting shelves. She would buy ever so many loaves, and even that frosted cake. They would have coal and meat, too. Why not? The pocket-book was hers; she had found it. Still her hands trembled and her cheeks burned.

She glanced down at the note she held, and saw, with a start of horror, that it was \$50. What had she done? Robbed that man of his money and he a soldier. Her father had been a soldier! With a sharp cry, clutching the pocket-book in one hand and the \$50 bill in the other, she darted from the shop and down the snowy street.

Just a square or two beyond the glittering mansion of Mrs. Rawdon she overtook the soldier. He was walking slowly, glancing from one side of the icy pavement to the other with an anxious, despairing look upon his face. Louise was at his side in an instant.

"Oh, sir!" panting for breath, her hood thrown back, her blue eyes wild and startled, and her bright hair blown all about her flushed face, "I did find your pocket-book—but it's mine. I took this note out, but I couldn't spend it. Mother's almost starved, and little Willie will die without his medicine; but I can't steal—I can't. Take it back!"

The soldier took the money from the half-frozen little hands that held it

up to him; then lifting the child in his arms, he smoothed back her tangled locks, and looked down into her pale, tear-stained little face with eager, startled eyes. His swarthy cheek grew pale and his bearded lips began to tremble.

"Louise, Louise," he said, his voice full of thrilling tenderness; "poor little darling, don't you know me?"

The child looked up, and then her cry of wild delight rang out clear and joyous.

"Oh, papa! papa! we thought you were dead but you're come back to us again."

"Yes, darling!" his broad chest heaving with suppressed eagerness. "Where's your mother? Take me to her."

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The extraordinary longevity of the survivors of the war of 1812 is certainly a curious fact well worthy of notice. That was not a great war; not many troops were engaged, and no very large force mustered into the service of the United States, and the war came to an end almost sixty-one years ago.

Yet the commissioners of Pensions report 15,875 survivors of that war on the rolls of the Pension Office. Very few, indeed, of these can be less than eighty years of age, and the number must be nearly if not quite ten per cent. of the whole force engaged for service. If the veterans of the late war of the rebellion prove so tenacious of life, nearly two hundred thousand of them will survive in the year 1926.

We should be very glad to believe that all of them would live longer than that, but we cannot expect it, for it is against the course of nature.

Boys, think of these things. Think how much time and money you are wasting and for what? The gratification afforded by the lounge on the corner or the cigar are not only temporary, but positively hurtful. You can not indulge in them without seriously injuring yourselves. You acquire idle and wasteful habits, which will cling to you each succeeding year. You may in after life shake them off, but the probabilities are that the habits thus formed in early life will remain with you till your dying day.

Be warned, then, in time, and resolve that as the hour spent in idleness is gone forever, you will improve each passing one and thereby fit yourselves for usefulness and happiness.

Longevity of Veterans.

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Crimes Against Women.

"Man is the only being of the animal creation that abuses the female of his race."—Darwin.

These words ought to be put in letters of gold over the door of every run shop in the country, and if they were scattered among the tenements and lower haunts of all great cities they would do more than many of the pious tract.

The Philadelphia Ledger has also borne its testimony for women—or rather refused to bear it against women—for many years past. No advertisement setting forth the fact that "my wife has left"—etc., appears in that paper, and the reason of it is this:

"At one time its large circulation brought all such notices to its columns, and in reference to one of these, a very neat, illusory-looking woman one day called upon Mr. Geo. W. Childs, and explained the injury such a public announcement did her.

"Wait a moment, darling," his broad chest heaving with suppressed eagerness. "Where's your mother? Take me to her."